



Sunday as observed by young urban professional



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-10-21 14:53:00

MOOD: accomplished

MUSIC: Robbie Robertson - Skinwalker

Yep, just like a normal person: stuffed clothes in washing machines, then went across the street to the coffee shop, read the Sunday *Washington Post* and had a bagel. Or two. Or three. (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D21>)

Anyway, the laundry's done, I've eaten the leftover polenta with spicy black beans and sweet potato for lunch, and I'm cooking a ton of things to freeze for this week's lunches, or dinners after long days, whichever happens first. In order to do this in my kitchen, one must be supernaturally organized.

Which I am.

buffs fingernails on t-shirt, admires



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

17 comments



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 22 2007, 01:26:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And you claim you didn't get any good superpowers in the superpower lottery.




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[October 22 2007, 02:35:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah! Hadn't thought of that. You should see me do this--it's like Mad Scientist Day in Arlington. Crock pots and rice cookers don't insist that the surface they rest on be in the kitchen, so there they are, bubbling away in the living room...

Clean up BITES, though. I only want a dishwasher once a week, but then I want it oh so much.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 22 2007, 02:54:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I am trying to imagine what a week's worth of jammer chow looks like, all in one place, hissing and bubbling.

It makes me hungry.




 [cvillette](#)

[October 22 2007, 03:38:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The smell of rice causes small Asian kids to show up at my door with bowls and hopeful expressions.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 22 2007, 03:51:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's just Mrs. Ng's kids from down the hall, be honest.




 [cvillette](#)

[October 22 2007, 04:48:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Busted...

And that only because last time they showed up, I let them lick the beaters for the chocolate pound cake.



 [trolcatz](#)

[October 22 2007, 11:58:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh.

That chocolate pound cake.

rhapsodies



 [cvillette](#)

[October 22 2007, 18:47:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That was a particularly good iteration, that was. *preens*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 22 2007, 12:22:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's in the Beta Oath.

You Must Feed Anyone Who Looks Hungry.

Or Even A Mite Peckish, Maybe.




 [cvillette](#)

[October 22 2007, 18:45:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Clearly someone tipped Jeff and Brandon off about the Beta Oath. And I'm pretty sure they're never as hungry as they look.

(I taught them to make *real* mac 'n' cheese, which they like better than rice, anyway. I also taught them kitchen safety drill, which they check each other on like astronauts doing a pre-launch. It's great. Their mom rolls her eyes.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[October 22 2007, 18:51:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


okay.

Kitchen.

Safety.

Drill?



 [cvillette](#)

[October 23 2007, 01:03:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yep, yep. See, here's my philosophy regarding kids doing dangerous things. There's no point in telling them not to do 'em. Instead, you tell them X is dangerous, and you're going to teach them how to do it. That way they're totally into it, *and* they treat it with, you know, healthy respect.

So they have to announce "Knife" and get a "Knife, roger" from everyone else in the kitchen before they take it out of the drawer; same thing with turning on a burner or moving with a hot pan. Moving away from the counter while holding a knife is Not Allowed. And when they're done, they have a checklist they go through--burners off, check; oven off, check; sharp and breakable objects put away, check. They're totally into it. Drives their mother nuts. *g*



 [trollcatz](#)

[October 23 2007, 01:09:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You realize you're making these boys unmarriageable....



 [cvillette](#)

[October 23 2007, 01:18:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nah, they'll just need to find geeks. Who make the best mates, anyway. *g*

And hey, if they can't get married, at least they'll still be able to cook...



 [trollcatz](#)

[October 23 2007, 12:45:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

T. says you logic is impeccable.

I suspect there is some unflattering-to-me subtext there.

 [iroshi](#)

[February 27 2008, 19:40:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

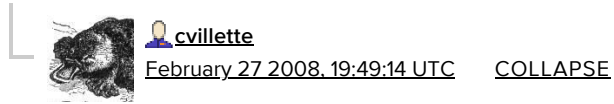
Okay. I've had seven kids, and you just taught me a cool new thing. Honestly, I would have thought I'd heard it all by now, but noooooo. The bachelor with no kids gives me a great new parenting tip. What's up with THAT?

I am going to instigate it immediately with my 4-year-old who is seriously into the "LET ME HELP!" phase.

And my Asperger's is kicking in. Instigate is not the word I want. Dammit. It's close enough, but there's some *other* word meaning "start up" that's in my backbrain and trying to kick forward. And I need to get back to work; my lunch break is over. Don't have time to go searching through the thesaurus for the right one. That's gonna annoy me all afternoon.

Ah, well. I shall mark my place and get back to reading your archives when I get home this evening. :)

You will probably have enough comments from me by this weekend to ban me from posting. *grin*



Initiate. *g*

(I grew up around a lot of other kids. And a lot of parenting styles. You pick some stuff up.)

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